Wiz Khalifa, Familiar

I'm in the air
All I want is the money
And I see it so clear
Weed in my grinder
Mind on a million
Taylor gang in the planes
You know it over the building
They ask me how fly
I'm gonna tell you
You recognize the G
I should be lookin familiar

Party and chillin' And fast living How I'm supposed to... now the choices giving I chose to leave the club with a couple of hoes Who love to smoke trees rolling the easy wider papers Maintain a low speed How shell I proceed? Come from a city where niggers ain't got a life But got a lot So I be low key Money hoes clothes is all a nigga knows Don't bring a nug I blow it by the O I hit the road cause shit is exactly how it seems I had to sleep and now me I've been living on my dream Marijuana... my surround my My camera catch the scene Fresh above the plain Think another paper Shorty wanna ride with me As bad as I wanna take her Put you on... bitch Taken pics with the planes And send them to their friends We demand on a million

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